

A FAE TAIL

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had been a surprisingly late night for Narmaya.

The butterfly-themed swordmaster was typically a *notorious* early sleeper because she was just as early of a riser. It was rare to *not* find the Draph woman out and about as early as five in the morning, generally before most of the rest of the crew were even opening their eyes. This meant that she *usually* had a bedtime of roughly eight or nine o'clock in the evening, and it wasn't very often at all that she stayed awake *past* that. But there was only one exception to this rule of hers.

It was when she was spending time with the captain of the Grandcypher she was a crew member of. Her affections for Djeeta were strong, and for that reason she readily betrayed her own sleeping schedule. It tended to be fairly obvious when this was the case though. Narmaya *did* like to take naps even when she was fully rested, typically because she had a bad habit of falling asleep when she meditated. She slept even *more* than that when she stayed up late.

But, as she saw it, that was going to be *tomorrow's* problem. **“Oh my. I was so caught up in danchou's stories that I *completely* lost track of time.”** Those 'stories' hadn't even been aimed at her, but rather some children of the crew that had gathered for what Lyria had advertised to them as 'story night'. Djeeta had been reading fairytales from a big storybook that they had purchased in the village their airship was presently docked at.

“I wonder why they're called 'fairy'tales, however. Danchou recited a lot of stories tonight, but only a few of them had fairies in them. Hehe~!” Even so, Djeeta had been *exceptionally*

adorable, as had the children. The entire event had been extremely endearing, and her heart felt full. Djeeta's telling of *The Little Mermaid* had been especially cute. It made her long for the sea a little. But it had been over an hour since they had finished, and the captain had surely returned to her room by now.

The perfect chance to say goodnight to her had presented itself! And Narmaya had passed Djeeta's door. Only to hear, of all things, the crashing of waves? "**Hm?**" Had it been an audio recording? No answer was provided to her. Not in the end. Because before the Draph could even step *through* that door?

Her surroundings changed.



Narmaya felt overwhelmed. The whole process had essentially been *instantaneous*. One moment she had been about to pass through the hall of the Grandcypher and into Djeeta's room, and the next? She was *outside*. It was still the dead of night. Crickets could be heard chirping, and through the cracks of a large canopy of trees above her she could make out glimpses of both the stars and the moon in a vast, night sky. "**A forest...?**"

That was the only place she *could* be. Not that she had the foggiest idea which *island* she was on. But that was the wrong thing for her to try and figure out. She wasn't *on* an island in the vast skies she was familiar with. She had been pulled into the world of one of those fairytales that her captain had been reading. The forest was rich with magical creatures and activity. Goblins, orcs, and even fairies themselves. Not that those fairies would make themselves known to a stranger.

"**EEK!?** *I'm naked!?*" That was the *other* aspect of her woes. It hadn't been until the cool, evening breeze had teased her bare nipples that Narmaya had realized. Not only had she been stripped of her weapon, but *all* of her outwear entirely. Her massive breasts were completely free to bounce about and, large as they were, and this meant that even the

slightest of breaths on her part saw their weight jiggle ever so slightly. The cool air made her nipples erect, too.

For the briefest moment she attempted to cover up but ultimately failed. The Draph didn't exactly have the kind of figure you could cover up just by placing your arm across your chest. Her arm didn't even really *reach* the whole way around, meaning it was futile. "**Well, this is unfortunate...**" At the very least she took solace in the understanding that it was *very* unlikely another person would find her out in the middle of the forest like this. There were no paths nor lights, so any villages must have been far enough away that she at least had time to solve *that* problem.

"I don't understand what's happening though. Where am I? What was that sound I heard in danchou's room?" She couldn't be *certain* of it, but on a fundamental level her intuition felt like it was related to her own change in location. This intuition *was* on the mark, and Djeeta herself had even succumbed to the exact same phenomenon. She was, in fact, elsewhere in this world that Narmaya now found herself in. But the two weren't destined to ever reunite once more. At least not with Narmaya looking like *that*, and if it ever happened it would only be through *extraordinarily* low chances.

What did this mean? Well, the truth was *beginning* to show its true colors.

Narmaya could vaguely sense it. The idea that something was somehow *wrong* with her body. But because she was in an unfamiliar location and was *naked*, she was much more focused on her surroundings than she was her own body right out of the gate. This was ultimately a misstep on her part, because if she had bothered to even look *down* at herself, she might have noticed the earliest signs of what was happening to her. Early signs that were *strikingly* obvious because they targeted aspects of the Draph's body that were all the more obvious when she was disrobed.

It was her figure as a *whole*, but what she probably would have had the easiest time noticing was the weight upon her chest. Draph women *always* had impressively large breasts, much greater in size than *any* of the other races. Narmaya's own tits were astoundingly large *I-cups*, or at least that should have been the case had they not been *tainted*. Yet their ample sizes were *compressing*. The fatty tissue that filled them diminished and the skin that wrapped around them tightened in tandem with this loss so that things were *never* loose.

As mentioned, however, this wasn't necessarily isolated to her breasts alone. It was definitely the most noticeable there, and her tits had already *halved* in size, but a *very* similar phenomenon was taking place

around her thighs and ass. Her cheeks were condescending in a very similar fashion, the peak of her large rump gradually drawing closer and closer to the curve of her back. And her thighs? Bolstered by fat and muscle alike, they were thinning in kind to better match the width of her lower legs.

“Eh!?” What eventually pushed the woman to look down herself was actually a side effect of this loss. Her legs had been pushed closer together all of a sudden because, without the thick thighs and big ass she normally sported, there hadn’t been much of a reason for them to *be* so wide. It was then that she finally noticed everything. How her legs were so thin, her hips were so narrow, and how she could only see all of this because her breasts were now mere *A-cups*. **“Wh-What happened to me? Everything is so small and cute~!”** Had that playful, childish hum at the end been necessary?

She certainly wasn’t *wrong* though. Her figure was now much more *compact*, almost completely devoid of both her womanly charms and her *strength*. Muscles that had once lined her body had disappeared into a lean softness that betrayed her power... or it *would* have if that power had even remained in the first place. As Narmaya would soon find out, there were *other* ways a woman could become ‘smaller’. And one of those ways was the most *literal* sense of the world.

The Draph cried out again, this time throwing her arms to the sides in an attempt to catch herself – or stabilize herself in a worst case scenario. She believe that she was suddenly falling because her point of view soon dropped rapidly, but that wasn’t really the case. She quickly realized that her feet were still rooted firmly on the ground. She *couldn’t* be falling if that was the case. **“I’M SHRINKING!?”** A shrill voice that was hardly her own cried out.

And it acknowledged the truth. The unfamiliar forest that surrounded her was becoming larger and larger. Smaller trees nearby soon resembled a forest all their own as the canvas above became farther away. Blades of grass seemingly became monsters as the woman plummeted beneath the one foot mark, but before her height drop concluded at a mere *six inches*? Something pulled her up.

Or, well, something has *grown from her back* to help her up. **“E-Eh!?”** It was like they were moving on their own. A pair of grass-colored *wings* that had grown from her shoulder blades. Each side had two wings, almost like a dragonfly, and they resembled leaves you might find in any tree. **“I have wings? But why do I have... Hehehe~! Wouldn’t it be weirder if I didn’t have wings!?”** Was that... *true*? She didn’t feel certain.

She just kind of *hovered* there, unaware of how her body was becoming lighter than it had ever been before. From the place where her new wings met her back, a strange phenomenon began to spread. The color *and* the texture of her skin soon shifted, and in what way seemed to depend on where on her body that skin *was*. When it came to her back and torso? It was a very pale *pink*. It wrapped around her upper body and even swallowed her small breasts, erasing any signs of her nipples or bellybutton.

As this pink reached the area above her legs? Her softened skin grew *outward*, fluttering out like a skirt all around her. Yet the segments of this skirt resembled the petals of a flower, which was exactly how this pinkened skin *felt* to the touch. Narmaya's body was even emitting a floral fragrance now, all of the way down to small fingertips that deviated from this pink. Her upper arms were much like her skirt, fluttering out into sleeves, but her lower arms and hands became *green*. Like the stem of a flower.

The coloring was replicated across the *entirety* of her legs, too. Thin thighs stiffened into stems as this pale green dyed them, but as the coloring traveled down past her knees? The backs of her lower legs developed sharp *thorns* that probably would have been painful if you grabbed them. "**Hehehe~!**" The woman herself couldn't stop giggling at the sensation. Her body felt like it was being tickled! And oddly enough? This somehow inspired her to want to tickle *others*. Mortals, perhaps? Humans had those big, flat feet! Far different from the dark nubs that now fashioned her own.

She couldn't even *fathom* having such big, stinky, human feet!

Narmaya hardly even bat an eyelash at how her body seemed to be some strange fusion between pink flower and insect, with her legs looking more like they belonged to a *mantis* than a person. But she briefly found it difficult to communicate *at all*. This was because the pink finally traveled up her neck and over her face. Her forehead erupted into several thick, pink petals with darker trim, but the paler pink of her face seemingly covered over her mouth and shrunk her nose down to something nearly nonexistent.

"Ah, ah, ah~! Test, test, test~!" It took her a moment, but the *girl* seemed to figure it out. *How silly! How did I forget how to speak?* Her mouth *was* gone, but she was somehow still speaking. Just like she'd be able to consume food without one. A miracle of magic, perhaps? The same magic that saw her pupils not only dilate but consume her eyes *entirely* while growing to double their original size. They ended up taking up quite a bit of space on her new, youthful looking head while inheriting a dark pink that made them seem compounded, like an

insect's eyes. A similarly colored crystal even embedded itself in her forehead just as her ears flattened into darker pink petals than the rest.

Narmaya's horns and hair had remained until this point, but no longer. The petals that bloomed from the creature's forehead had more or less covered up lilac locks, and those strands were eventually 'released'. They fell from her head as smaller, soft petals erased them. And her horns? They were eventually pulled in *front* of the forehead petals. They softened and twisted, color lightening to green at the base and pink at the tips until they were no longer horns, but instead a pair of *antennae*.

“Hmmm~! How weird! Why did I feel so heavy before? Am I a dummy~?” *Blooma Rosespeck* was what you might consider a pretty *standard* fairy, all things considered. Her almost plant-like appearance was similar to how *all* of the fairies in Rosespeck Forest appeared, her colors similar to the great cherry blossom tree in the center of the forest that functioned as the fairies' village. They had built homes both within it *and* around it, none of which was especially surprising considering just how small they were. Blooma's six inch tall height was a testament of that.



The fairy did a little backflip in the air with her wings aflutter. **“I’m so boooooored though!”** It may have been the dead of night, but this fairy was more or less *nocturnal*. The fae lived long lives; lives that were *much* longer than those of mortals. And it just so happened that they saw those mortals as their favorite source of *entertainment*. Blooma was just as mischievous as her kin and *loved* playing pranks on humans to laugh at their reactions.

And it just so happened that a human village was within flying distance of where she was currently situated. In fact, the more she fluttered around gleefully? The less confused she felt as the details of her new life became more pronounced. **“Weren’t the humans having some kind of festival today? A ship is docking, right~! Heehee~! The perfect time to make ‘em squirm!”** Because as the slightly salty scent in the air revealed, this nearby village had a *port* and a beach.

Those small odds of Narmaya meeting Djeeta again in their new lives? It wasn't *actually* as unlikely as it probably should have been. That beach was close to where Djeeta had been 'washed up' upon her arrival, and the mermaid she had become was in the waters nearby. The chances were actually quite *high*. But that meeting also wouldn't happen on *this* night. The childish fairy was going to end up *far* too distracted by all of the hustle and bustle in the village proper. But perhaps, someday soon...

Those unlikely odds would give way for a miracle. But that also posed another question.

Could a fairy and a mermaid fall in love?

How would that even work!?